

PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARYAT.

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

Although Philip had said little to Schriften since the separation from Amine, it was very evident to him and to Krantz that all the plot's former bitter feelings had returned. His chuckle, his sarcasms, his "He! he!" were incessant; and his eye was now as maliciously directed to Philip as it was when they first met. It was evident that Amine alone had for the time conquered his disposition; and that with her disappearance had vanished all the good-will of Schriften toward her husband. For this Philip cared little; he had a much more serious weight on his heart—the loss of his dear Amine; and he felt reckless and indifferent concerning anything else.

The breeze now freshened, and they expected that in two hours they would run on the beach, but they were disappointed; the step of the mast gave way from the force of the wind, and the sail fell upon the raft. This occasioned great delay; and before they could repair the mischief the wind again subsided, and they were left about a mile from the beach. Tired and worn out with his feelings, Philip at last fell asleep by the side of Krantz leaving Schriften at the helm. He slept soundly—he dreamed of Amine—he thought she was under a grove of cocoanuts, in a sweet sleep; that he stood by and watched her, and that she smiled in her sleep, and murmured "Philip," when suddenly he was awakened by some unusual movement. Half-dreaming still, he thought that Schriften, the pilot, had in his sleep been attempting to gain his rifle, had passed the chain over his head, and was removing quietly from underneath his neck any portion of the chain, which, in his reclining posture, he lay upon. Startled at the idea, he threw up his hand to seize the arm of the wretch, and found that he had really seized hold of Schriften, who was kneeling by him, and in possession of the chain and rifle. The struggle was short, the rifle was recovered, and the pilot lay at the mercy of Philip, who held him down with his knee on his chest. Philip replaced the rifle on his bosom, and, excited to madness, rose from the body of the now breathless Schriften, caught it in his arms, and hurled it into the sea.

"Man or devil! I care not which," exclaimed Philip, breathless, "escape now, if you can!"

The struggle had already roused up Krantz and others, but not in time to prevent Philip from wreaking his vengeance upon Schriften. In a few words he told Krantz what had passed; as for the men, they cared not; they laid their heads down again, and, satisfied that their money was safe, inquired no further.

Philip watched to see if Schriften would rise up again, and try to regain the raft; but he did not make his appearance above water, and Philip felt satisfied.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A few hours after he had thrown the pilot into the sea they gained the shore so long looked at with anxiety and suspense. The spars of the raft, jerked by the running swell, undulated and rubbed against each other, as they rose and fell to the waves breaking on the beach. The breeze was fresh, but the surf was puffing, and the landing was without difficulty. Krantz supported Philip to the beach, and led him to the shade; but after a minute he rose, and running down to the nearest point, looked anxiously for the position of the raft which held Amine, which was now far, far away. Krantz had followed, aware that, now the first paroxysms were past, there was no fear of Philip's throwing away his life.

"Gone, gone forever!" exclaimed Philip, pressing his hands to the balls of his eyes.

"Not one, Philip, the same Providence which has preserved us will certainly assist her. It is impossible that she can perish among so many islands, many of which are inhabited, and a woman will be certain of kind treatment."

"If I could only think so," replied Philip.

He and Krantz collected the carpenter's tools, and boat arms, and all the ammunition, as the possession of the latter would give them an advantage in case of necessity; they then dragged on shore the sail and some small spars, all of which they carried up to a clump of cocoanut trees, about a hundred yards from the beach.

In half an hour they had erected an humble tent, and put into it what they had brought with them, with the exception of the major portion of the ammunition, which, as soon as he was screened by the tent, Krantz buried in a heap of dry sand behind it.

The next day Philip and Krantz had many serious consultations as to the means which should be taken for quitting the island, and going in search of Amine; for although Krantz thought the latter part of Philip's proposal useless, he did not venture to say so. To quit this island was necessary; and provided they gained one of those which were inhabited it was all that they could expect. As for Amine, he considered that she was dead before this, either having been washed off

the raft, or that her body was lying on it exposed to the decomposing heat of a torrid sun.

To cheer Philip, he expressed himself otherwise; and whenever they talked about leaving the island, it was not to save their own lives, but invariably to search after Philip's lost wife. The plan which they proposed and acted upon was to construct a light raft, the center to be composed of three water casks, sawed in half, in a row behind each other, firmly fixed by cross-pieces to two long spars on each side. This, under sail, would move quickly through the water, and he managed on as to enable them to steer a course. The outside spars had been selected and hauled on shore, and the work was already in progress; but they were left alone in their work, for the seamen appeared to have no idea at present of quitting the island. Restored by food and repose, they were now not content with the money which they had—they were anxious for more. A portion of each party's wealth had been dug up, and they now gambled all day with pebbles, which they had collected on the beach, and with which they had invented a game. Another evil had crept among them; they had cut steps in the largest cocoanut trees and with the activity of seamen had mounted them, and by tapping the top of the trees, and fixing empty cocoanut shells underneath, had obtained the liquor which in its first fermentation is termed toddy, and is afterward distilled into arrack. But as toddy is quite sufficient to intoxicate, and every day the scenes of violence and intoxication, accompanied with oaths and expletives, became more and more dreadful. The losers tore their hair, and rushed like madmen upon those who had gained their dollars; but Krantz had fortunately thrown their weapons into the sea, and those he had saved, as well as the ammunition, he had secreted.

Howe and bloodshed, therefore, continued, but loss of life there was none, as the contending parties were separated by the others, who were anxious that the play should not be interrupted. Such had been the state of affairs for now nearly a fortnight, while the work of the raft had slowly proceeded. Some of the men had lost their all, and had, by the general consent of those who had won their wealth, been banished to a certain distance from the island, so that they might not pester them. These walked gloomily round the island or on the beach, seeking some instrument by which they might avenge themselves and obtain repossession of their money. Krantz and Philip had proposed to these men to pay them a ransom, but they had all refused.

The ax was now never parted with by Krantz. He cut down what cocoanut trees they required for subsistence, and prevented the men from nothing more trees to procure the means of subsistence. On the sixteenth day all the money had passed into the hands of three men, who had been more fortunate than the rest. The losers were now by far the more numerous party, and the consequence was that the next morning these three men were found lying strangled on the beach; the money had been redivided, and the gambling had recommenced with more vigor than ever.

"How can this end?" exclaimed Philip to Krantz, as he looked upon the blackened countenances of the murdered men.

"In the death of all," replied Krantz. "We cannot prevent it. It is a judgment."

The raft was now ready; the sand had been dug from beneath it, so as to allow the water to flow in and float it, and it was now made fast to a stake, and riding on the peaceful water. A large store of cocoanuts, old and young, had been procured and put on board of her, and it was the intention of Philip and Krantz to have quitted the island the next day.

Unfortunately, one of the men, when bathing, had perceived the arms lying in the shallow water. He had dived down and procured a cutlass; others had followed his example, and all had armed themselves. This infuriated Philip and Krantz to sleep on board the raft and keep watch; and that night, as the play was going on, a heavy frost on one side ended in a general fray. The combat was furious, for all were more or less excited by intoxication. The result was melancholy, for only three were left alive. Philip, with Krantz, watched the issue; every man who fell wounded was put to the sword, and the three left, who had been fighting on the same side, rested panting on their weapons. After a pause two of them communicated with each other, and the result was an attack upon the third man, who fell dead beneath their blows.

"Merciful Father! are these Thy creatures?" exclaimed Philip.

"No," replied Krantz, "they worshiped the devil as Mammon. Do you imagine that those two, who could now divide more wealth than they could spend if they return to their country, will consent to a division? Never—they must have all—yes, all!"

Krantz had hardly expressed his opinion, when one of the men, taking advantage of the other turning round a moment from him, passed his

sword through his back. The man fell with a groan, and the sword was again passed through his body.

"Said I not so? But the treacherous villain shall not reap his reward, continued Krantz, leveling the musket which he held in his hand, and shooting him dead.

The following morning they hoisted their sail and quitted the island. Need it be said in what direction they steered? As may be well imagined, in that quarter where they had last seen the raft with the isolated Amine.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The raft was found to answer well, and although her progress through the water was not very rapid, she obeyed the helm and was under command. Both Philip and Krantz were very careful in taking such marks and observations of the island as should enable them, if necessary, to find it again. With the current to assist them they now proceeded rapidly to the southward, in order that they might examine a large island which lay in that direction. Their object, after seeking for Amine, was to find out the direction of Ternate, the king of which they knew to be a variance with the Portuguese, who had a fort and factory at Tidore, not very far distant from it; and from thence to obtain a passage in one of the Chinese junks, which, on their way to Bantam, called at that island.

Toward evening they had neared the large island, and they soon ran down it close to the beach. Philip's eyes wandered in every direction to ascertain the presence of Amine's raft, but he could perceive nothing of the kind, nor did he see any inhabitants.

That they might not pass the object of their search during the night, they ran their raft ashore, in a small cove where the waters were quite smooth, and remained there until the next morning, when they again made sail and prosecuted their voyage.

They sailed all day and when night came put up their bark for safety in a cove they came across.

Before morning a strong breeze, right on shore, had sprung up, and the surf became so high as to endanger the raft; to continue their course was impossible; they could only haul up their raft, to prevent its being dashed to pieces by the force of the waves as the seas broke on the shore. Philip's thoughts were, as usual, upon Amine; and as he watched the tossing waters, as the sunbeams lightened up their crests, he exclaimed, "Ocean, hast thou my Amine? If so, give up thy dead! What is that?" continued he, pointing to a speck on the horizon.

"The sail of a small craft of some description or another," replied Krantz; "and apparently coming down before the wind to shelter herself in the very nook we have selected."

"You are right; it is the sail of a vessel—one of those peroucas which skim over these seas; how she rises on the swell! She is full of men apparently."

The perouca rapidly approached, and was soon close to the beach; the sail was lowered, and she was backed in through the surf.

"Resistance is useless should they prove enemies," observed Philip. "We shall soon know our fate."

The people in the perouca took no notice of them until the craft had been hauled up and secured; three of them then advanced toward Philip and Krantz, with spears in their hands, but evidently with no hostile intentions. One addressed them in Portuguese, asking them who they were.

MAKING STEEL PENS.

A Short Description of an Interesting Process.

Briefly described, steel pens are made as follows: First, the steel is rolled into big sheets and then cut into strips about three inches in width. The strips are heated to a bright red and are then allowed to cool gradually, which anneals them. They are next rolled to the necessary thickness, and are cut into blank flat pens, and the pens, while flat, are usually stamped with the brand or the name of the manufacturer. To shape the pens is the next process. The rounding makes them hold the ink and distribute it more gradually and evenly than could be done if they were flat. To harden them they are heated to a cherry red, and then suddenly cooled. This not only hardens them, but makes them elastic. The polishing, sitting, pointing and finishing come next, and then they are ready for use. The little holes in the pens at the end of the slits serve to make them more elastic and to facilitate the flow of the ink. It is said that more steel is now used in the manufacture of pens than in that of swords. It is even claimed that the metal annually used in their manufacture weighs more than all the metal used in the manufacture of war implements. If this be true, much force is added to the time-honored saying, that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

False Teeth of Paper.

Dentists in Germany are using false teeth made of paper, instead of porcelain or mineral composition. These paper teeth are said to be very satisfactory, as they do not break or chip, are not sensitive to heat or cold or to the action of the moisture of the mouth, and are very cheap.

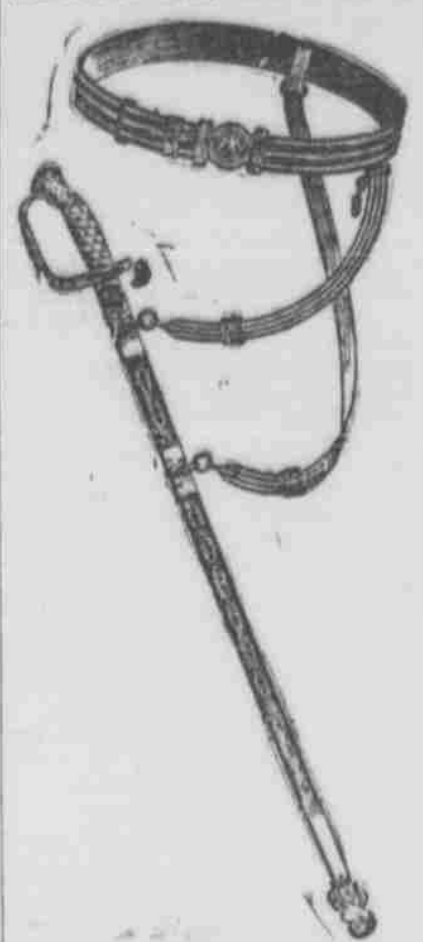
For Sleeplessness.

An exceedingly nervous person, who cannot sleep, may often be quieted and put to sleep by being rubbed with a towel wrung out of hot salted water. Frequently a change from a warm bed to a cool one will tend to quiet a nervous person and make him drowsy.

NATION'S GREETING TO DEWEY

Features of the Reception to the Manila Hero at Washington.

The central idea underlying the grand welcome to be given Admiral Dewey in Washington the first week in October is its national character. His arrival at the capital will mark his real home-coming to the American people, where the officials of the government will participate, and the magnificently jeweled sword voted by congress will be presented. To that end all the arrangements will be of a simple but most dignified character. The welcome to the hero of Manila at the national capital will probably occur on Monday, October 2, although the date will depend upon the length of the celebration in New York, which is still un-



SWORD VOTED BY CONGRESS TO DEWEY.

settled. The principal features of the reception in Washington, as planned by the citizens, with the co-operation of the president and cabinet, will be two in number—the presentation of the sword voted by congress and a night parade. A public reception at the white house will be followed by dinner to the admiral by President McKinley. The sword will be presented by Secretary Long, at the east front of the capitol, in the presence of Mr. McKinley and all the members of the cabinet, late in the afternoon, while the parade, consisting of organizations of all kinds, will be accompanied by an illumination of the city on a scale of beauty never before witnessed in Washington.

The different features of the preparations are in the hands of a central body of citizens and eleven committees, embracing in all over a thousand people. Preparations for the celebration have been in hand for over a month.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad and other railroads entering Washington have agreed upon cheap rates for the celebration, and the committee expects that there will be an outpouring of patriotic citizens almost equal to the inauguration of a president.

Retrayed by His Parrot.

Victor Chevalier, a clever criminal in Paris, was run down in a shrewd way. He was known to be exceedingly fond of a pet parrot, and the police were instructed to look for a loquacious bird of this kind. After a week's search the talkative parrot was discovered in the Montmartre district. The police kept a close watch on the house, and in time the criminal appeared to have an affectionate chat with his bird.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

Every woman is a good actress till she goes on the stage.

There is one thing a woman never can understand, and that is herself.

When the devil had his choice as to instruments he first picked jealousy.

If they were named anything else a woman would have just as queer a look in her face when she talked about her legs.

If there weren't any bad men to be horrible examples, probably there wouldn't be any good women to be shining examples.

Every racy story a man hears he acts like it was told to him, and every woman like it was new to her, and both are making believe.

When a man can make a woman believe that he can't help falling at her voice she feels she has to marry him so that she can turn the current on whenever she feels like it.

The difference between a woman and a cat is that when you tease the cat you know she'll scratch you, but when it's a woman you never know whether she'll kiss you or tear your eyes out.—New York Press.

PROVERBS BY WILLIAM BLAKE.

Expect poison from the standing water.

Without contraries is not progression.

To create a little flower is the labor of ages.

What is now proved was once only imagined.

He who desires but acts not breeds pestilence.

Listen to the fool's reproach. It is a kingly title.

PASTURE AND FARM.

Cantaloupes are now a rarity.

Watermelons are gradually disappearing.

F. R. Kenney, a Canadian cattleman, is a visitor to the state.

Cattlemen around Childress report pink eye as prevalent among cattle.

The Childress County Index says the yearlings are all sold in that section.

The Truck Growers' association of Robertson county will meet at Calvert Sept. 15.

The fleecy staple is rolling in to the various cities, towns and villages of the state.

The raising of Angora goats seems destined to become a prominent industry in Texas.

Six carloads of hogs were shipped by Charles Sharp from Fort Worth to Los Angeles, Cal., a few days ago.

W. J. Dubbel, a swine breeder of Ross, says: "Business is fine; in fact, the best I ever saw for this time of the year."

Fourteen carloads of hogs passed through Big Springs a few days ago—three for San Francisco the others for Los Angeles.

Farmers about Ennis say there is absolutely no cotton now making and that the entire crop will be gathered in two or three weeks.

Nurserymen about Denison say the drouth has not materially affected the trees, though a great many strawberries have been killed.

Charley Crawford bought from Ed Burdett 450 head of stock sheep for \$950, and 530 head from San Angelo parties at about \$2.10 a head.

The production of fine wools in Australia and South America is steadily declining and the United States may have to furnish the principal supply.

The cotton stalks are drying up and dying about Ranger, Eastland county. Some of the trees have also died, the tops looking as if a fire had passed over them.

E. B. Burnett of Fort Worth has sold to Eden Bros. of Corsicana, 2000 three and four-year-old "6000" feeder steers at \$24 per head, delivery to be made October 1st.

Charles Coppinger, a Fort Worth cattleman, who has, together with his family, been on a visit to England, has returned home. His family have also come back.

Montgomery & Noel of Hall county, sold their yearling steers to T. M. Pyle for \$21 with fifteen per cent cut back which they sold at \$18. There were about 175 in the bunch.

B. K. and A. K. Riggs of Pecos county have sold their ranches on Rio Leon to A. S. Gage who will at once move 6000 head of cattle from near Marfa to the newly purchased property.

The Farmers' Federation of the Mississippi Valley is the name of a \$200,000 trust organized at Topeka, Kas., with Walter N. Allen of Redden as president and business manager.

Mr. R. K. Halsell of Decatur leases to Mr. Jones of Wichita Falls about 6000 acres of pasture land in the Comanche and Kiowa reservations for a period of eighteen months, effective in October.

Messrs Johnson & Son of Haskell county sold to Mr. T. N. Field of the north part of the county the remainder of their cattle, being 167 head of stock cattle, for \$3065. They sold \$800 worth of steers to W. T. Hudson.

T. C. Slaughter, of Prosper, Collin county, has been invited to address the Farmers' National congress which is to meet at Boston, Mass., October 2, and the subject assigned to him being "Improved Farming in the South."

Secretary Root has authorized the chartering of the steamships Manuence, capable of carrying 600 men, and the Bristol 600 men. These ships are available for the first of the ten regiments organized.

Without rain in Parker county the farmers think the cotton crop will be about all picked out this month. A great deal of cotton is being ginned but the farmers are not putting much of it on the market at the present time.

C. E. Hartley of Springer, N. M., bought 15,500 head of lambs, ewes and wethers. Of these he sold 6200 head to Scott & Purvis of Lamar, Colo.; 1200 head to Robt. Lowe; 3500 head to Alexander Master. Prices ranged from \$1.40 to \$1.60 for lambs to \$2.25 and \$2.50 for ewes and wethers.

William Padgett, a Wood county farmer, is marketing fine running ears in Minnesota, grown on land from which he harvested this year twenty-four bushels of wheat to the acre. The corn is Mexican June corn and Mr. Padgett says he will make thirty to thirty-five bushels to the acre.

The Chicago Drovers Journal says: "Out of 3000 thin young cattle in the 'stocker pen' one day recently there wasn't one load of strictly choice feeder cattle. The demand for desirable feeding cattle far exceeds the supply everywhere."

J. K. Rosson assistant live stock agent of the Katy, returned to Fort Worth a few days ago from a trip over North Texas. He estimates that the cotton crop in that section will not be over one-fourth, or at furthest one-half as large as usual.

JOHN C. HUBINGER.

Remarkable Career of a Well-Known Western Capitalist, Manufacturer and Philanthropist.

Among the leaders of the progressive element for which the middle west is famous, Mr. John C. Hubinger, of Keokuk, Ia., reigns without a peer. As a manufacturer, as an enterprising capitalist and as a philanthropist his fame has spread over many states, and his financial enterprises have developed many obscure towns into progressive, thrifty and wide-awake cities. Mr. Hubinger, although but 47 years of age, can look back upon scores of commercial victories, each one of which has benefited mankind, for his liberality is as bountiful as his business sagacity is marvelous. He was born in New Orleans, La., his parents being of French and German origin. When he was four years old, his family removed to Kentucky, in which state young Hubinger received a public school education. Almost before reaching man's estate he secured patents on a number of valuable mechanical inventions, thereby laying the foundation of his present fortune.

By inclination and force of circumstances his attention was early directed to the manufacture of starch by improved processes, and in the course of time he became the head of a concern having an annual business of millions of dollars. But genuine ambition never quite satisfied with existing conditions, works ever toward perfection, and after years of painstaking study and research Mr. Hubinger has made a



JOHN C. HUBINGER.

discovery, which he considers the crowning event of his wonderful career, and which is embodied in a new article of commerce, known as Red Cross Starch (Red Cross trade mark). He is planning to distribute millions of packages of this starch to the housewives of America, at a merely nominal price to the consumer, in order to make its merits known without delay. Thus, for but 5 cents two large 100 packages of Red Cross Starch may be had, together with two magnificent Shakespearean views printed in 12 beautiful colors, or a Twentieth Century Girl Calendar; or for only 30 cents 10 packages of the starch and the entire series of eight Shakespearean views and one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar—views alone easily worth \$1.50. Watch this paper for future premium announcements, of which every lady will certainly want to take advantage.

While Mr. Hubinger will devote his best energies to the manufacture of this new and wonderful starch, he will not retire from the various financial enterprises in which he is interested—street railways, electric lighting plants and the Mississippi Valley Telephone Co., with 10,000 telephone subscribers in Minneapolis and St. Paul—nor will his augmented activity interfere with his social obligations and exercise of the splendid hospitality which he dispenses at his palatial Keokuk home. Mr. Hubinger's family, consisting of himself, wife and four children, is the pivot around which his activity revolves, and while fond of promoting great enterprises, he is still fond of his home circle, where he spends every moment of time not taken up by business or public cares.

Doctors Can't Cure It!

Contagious blood poison is absolutely beyond the skill of the doctors. They may dose a patient for years on their mercurial and potash remedies, but he will never be rid of the disease; on the other hand, his condition will grow steadily worse. S. S. S. is the only cure for this terrible affliction, because it is the only remedy which goes direct to the cause of ill disease and forces it from the system.

I was afflicted with Blood Poison, and the best doctors did me no good, though I took their treatment faithfully. In fact, I seemed to get worse all the while. I took almost every so-called blood remedy, but they did not seem to reach the disease, and had no effect whatever. I was discouraged, for it seemed that I would never be cured. At the advice of a friend I then took S. S. S., and began to improve. I continued the medicine, and it cured me completely, building up my health and increasing my appetite. Although this was ten years ago, I have never yet had a sign of the disease to return.

W. E. BROWN, Staunton, Va.

It is like self-destruction to continue to take potash and mercury; besides totally destroying the digestion, they dry up the marrow in the bones, producing a stiffness and swelling of the joints, causing the hair to fall out, and completely wrecking the system.

S.S.S. For The Blood

is guaranteed Purely Vegetable, and is the only blood remedy free from these dangerous minerals. Look on self-treatment sent free by Sells Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.